



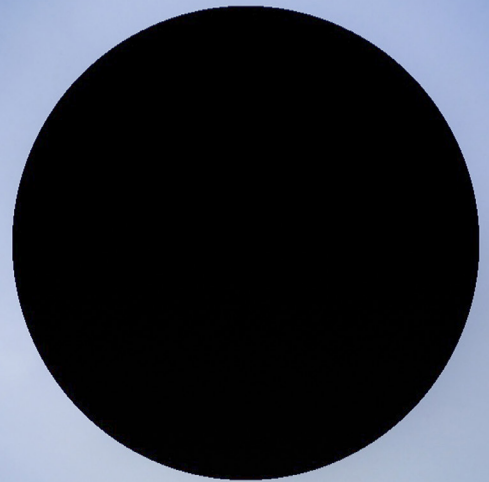


Hold and praise your nearest superstar  
I shine bright and shed light from afar  
93 million miles to be explicit  
8 light-minutes if you're planning a visit

See I'm the big daddy in this here system  
My turn to burn so keep on listening  
I give light when all around is dark  
Your choice get sparked or hark my remark

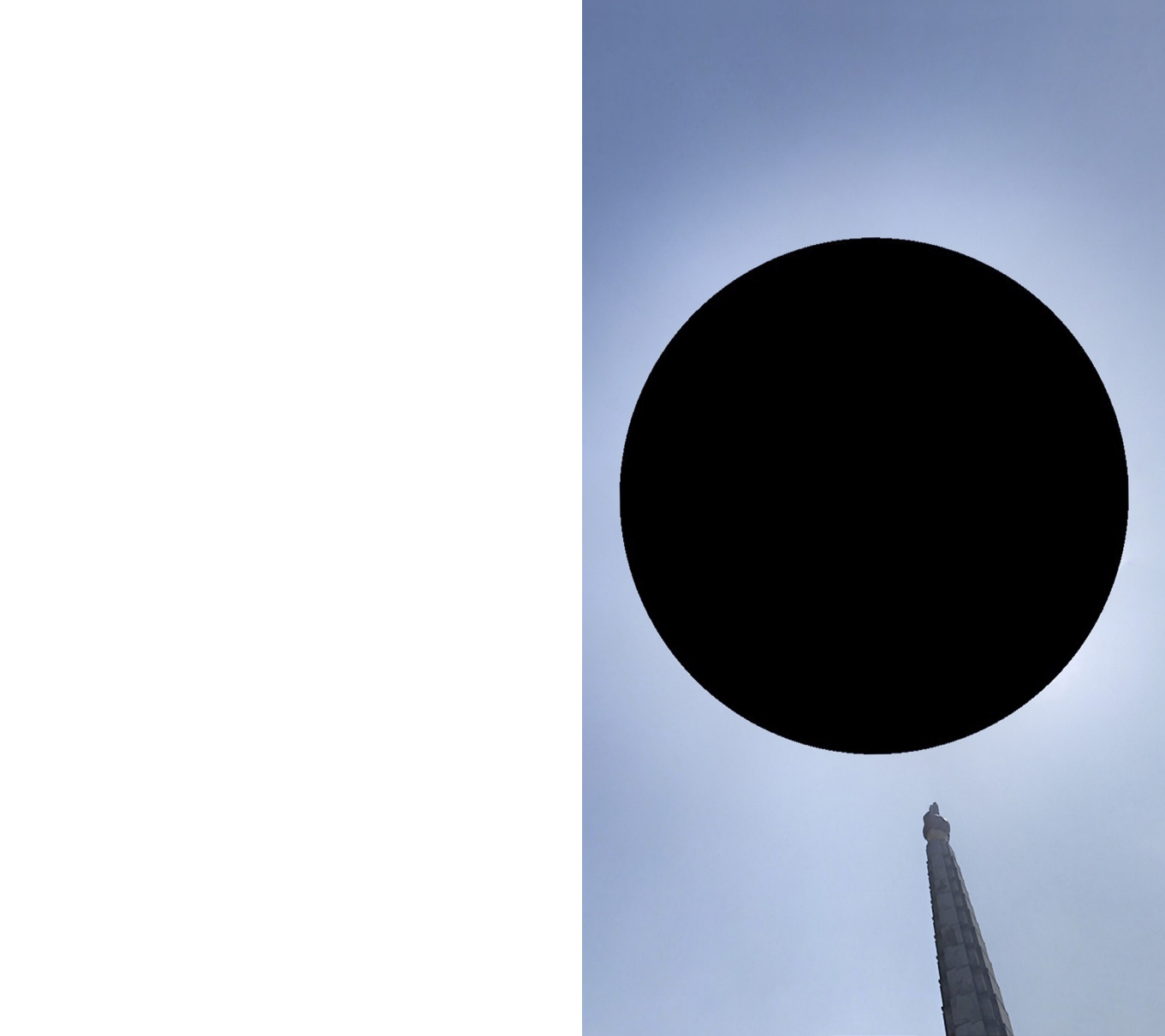
Decade is null, decade is null, decade is null  
Check it out while I burn your skull  
I'm burning up now!  
Decade is null, decade is null

Laibach, «Hymn to the Black Sun»





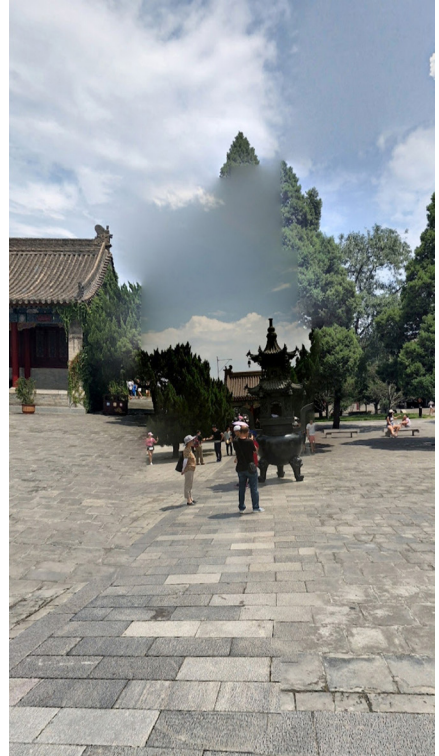




















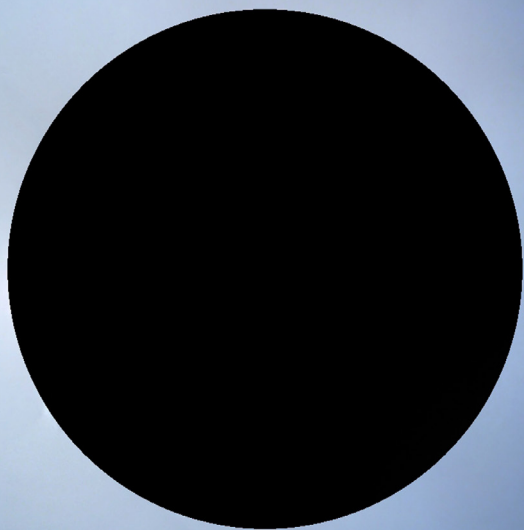






A world is born  
Another dies  
Black sun rise  
Decaying flesh  
Gives birth to flies  
Black sun rise  
Demons and angels  
Before our eyes  
Black sun rise  
Black sun gleaming  
Black sun dreaming  
Black sun rise

Boyd Rice, «Black Sun Rising»



















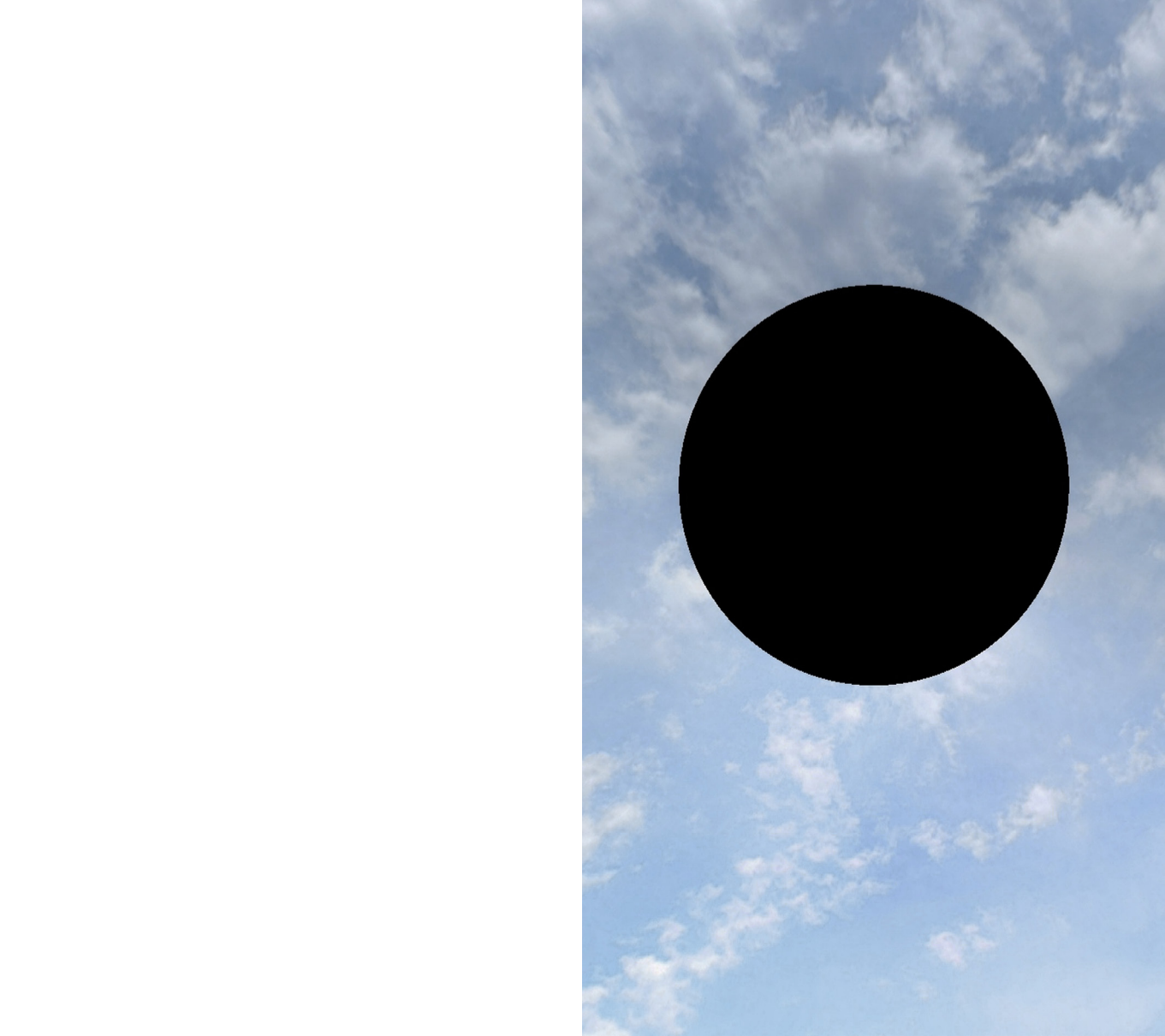




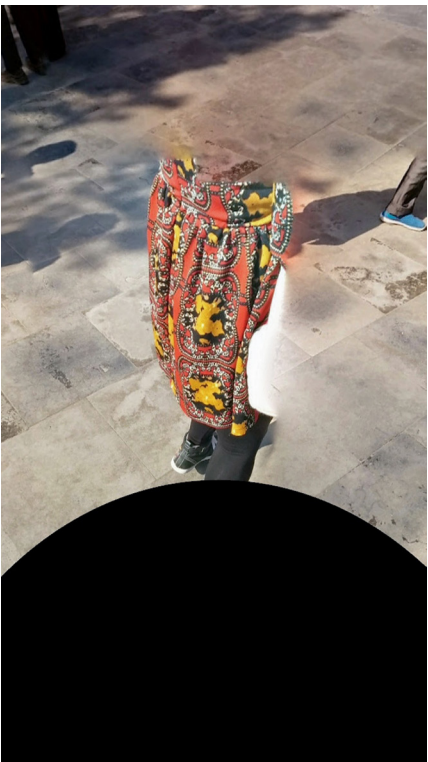
Why can I see the light no more?  
Everything became so much harder than before  
Like a swamp, it pulls me further down  
God I know I've gone too far  
I am dying just to look inside

Black Sunrise  
Darkened the Earth  
Black Sunrise  
Over the Earth

Kreator, «Black Sunrise»

















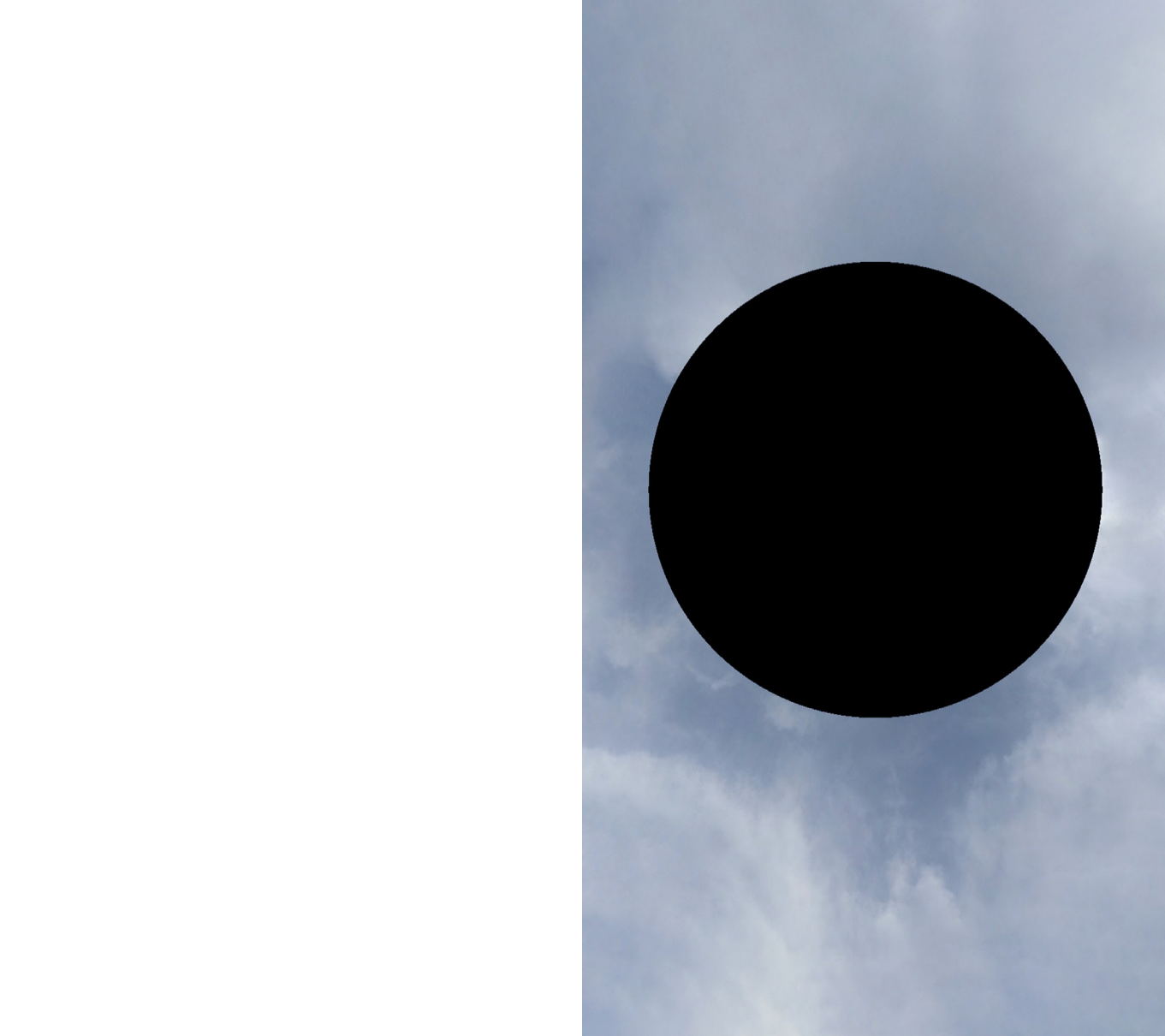




In my eyes  
Indisposed  
In disguises no one knows  
Hides the face  
Lies the snake  
And the sun in my disgrace  
Boiling heat  
Summer stench  
Neath the black, the sky looks dead  
Call my name  
Through the cream  
And I'll hear you scream again

Black hole sun  
Won't you come  
And wash away the rain?  
Black hole sun  
Won't you come  
Won't you come  
Won't you come

Soundgarden, «Black Hole Sun»















I run for my life  
Under the black sunlight  
On deserted streets  
Uneasy dreams I sleep  
In this forgotten place  
I'm a forgotten face  
Sometimes I don't exist  
Like the dust swept aside

Fade away on the wind fadeaway  
To walk away into the tide walkaway

That's the end  
That's the end  
The end of the great black gold  
That's the dream  
That's the dream  
The dream that I wake up to  
The dawn of the great black sun  
It shines on me

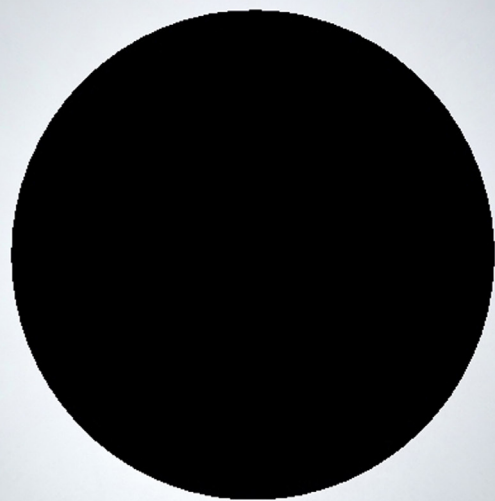
The Alarm, «Black Sun»





























Murderer!

Man of fire

Murderer!

I've seen the eyes of living dead

It's the same game — survival

The great mass play a waiting game

Embalmed, crippled, dying in fear of pain

All sense of freedom gone

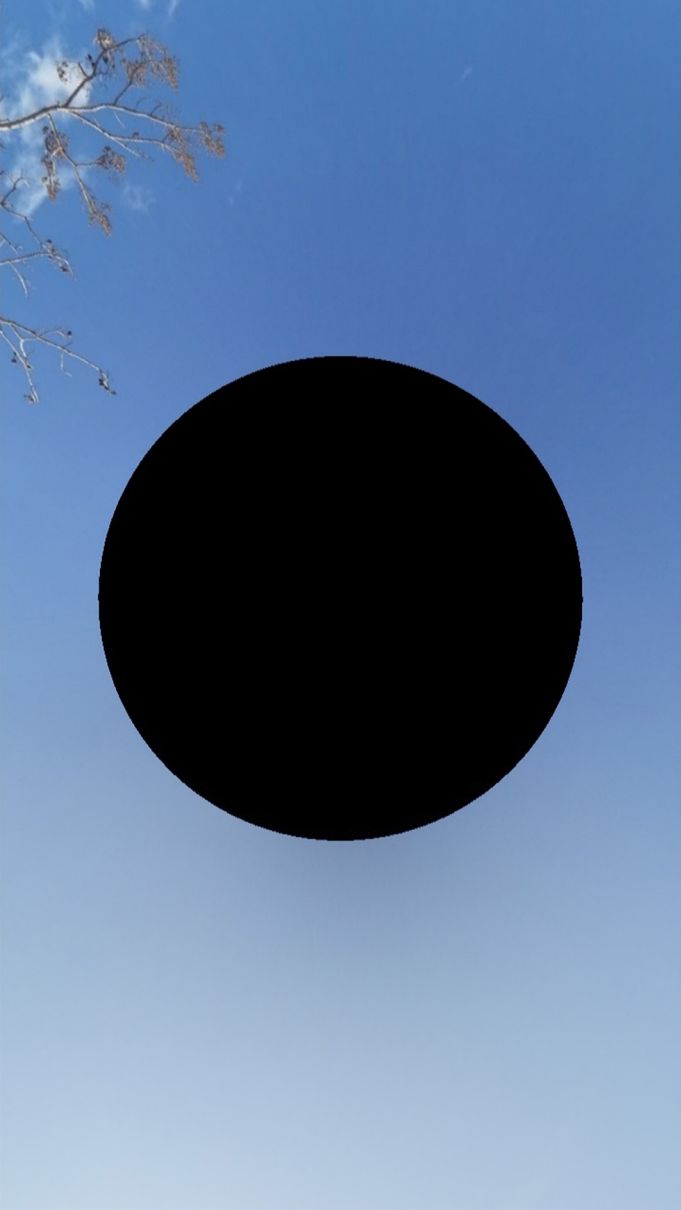
Black sun in a white world

Dead Can Dance, «Black Sun»

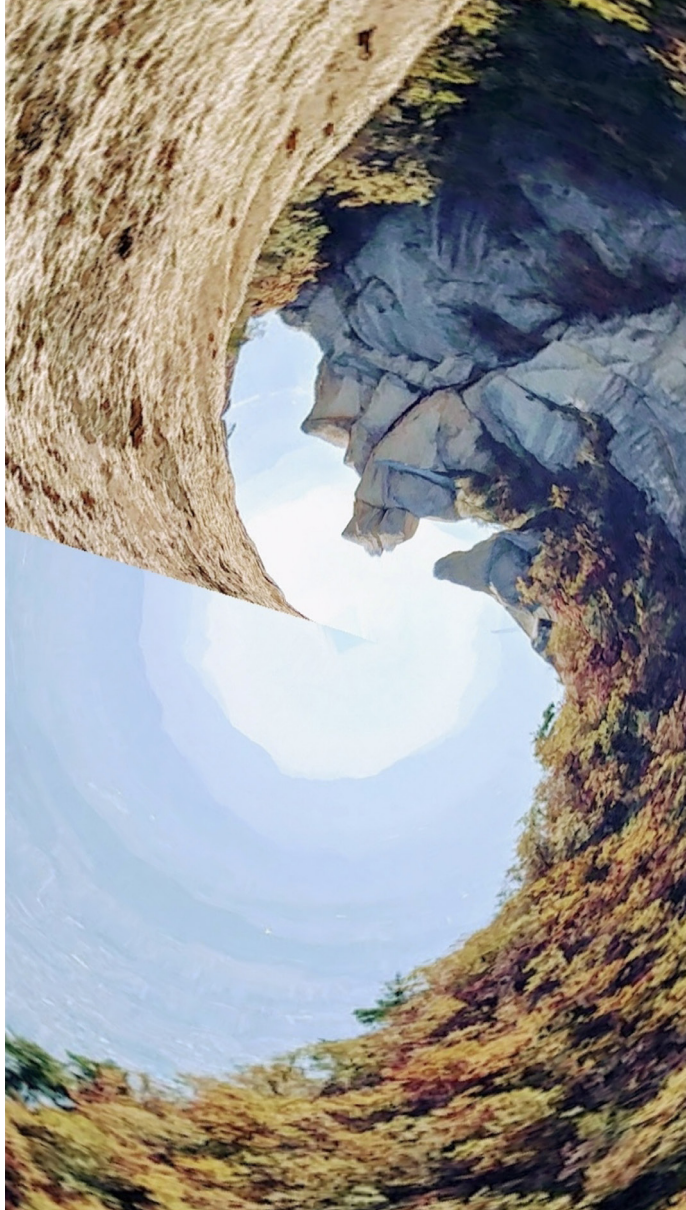














# The Black Sun of Autocracy

Nika  
Sandler

All screenshots in this zine are taken  
from Google Street View panoramas in countries  
where the form of government is autocracy.





